THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Victory

As we go to press, full details of President Roosevelt's victory are not yet available; but the returns we have indicate that it will be a substantial one. We believe the American people are to be congratulated on the result. There were powerful and ugly forces at work in this campaign, and they have been defeated and rebuked in a manner that will have a wholesome effect for a long time to come. The covert anti-Semitism and anti-foreignism of many of the Republican speakers have been repudiated. So has the theory, which flew in the face of all the evidence, that the Democratic administration was bungling the war. So has the notion that the Morgenthau plan was responsible for making the war last longer. So has the wild charge that Communists control the PAC and that the PAC controls the Democratic Party.

The American people heard all these and the other equally fantastic accusations and allegations of the Republican campaign, and rejected them. Although Mr. Dewey had control of an overwhelming majority of all the devices by which public opinion is created in America, he did not control the final and most important seat of judgment—the common sense and fairness of the average American. Early on Wednesday morning, one after another of the crucial Northern states, states which in the past have fluctuated between the Democratic and Republican columns—seems to be falling into the Roosevelt fold. This means that the election was decided in the President's favor, not by the party regulars, but by independent voters who thought for themselves, cast up the accounts, and gave their verdict on Mr. Dewey and the kind of campaign conducted by him and on his behalf. Mr. Roosevelt might be only half the man he is, and still richly deserve election as a repudiation of the Republic campaign.

Vice President Truman

With his election to the high post of the vice-presidency, Mr. Truman will come under a sharper scrutiny than ever before. Regular readers of The New Republic are aware that we opposed his candidacy at and before the Democratic National Convention. We favored Henry A. Wallace, who, we thought and still think, is one of the outstanding voices of democracy in this generation, a man who stands as a symbol of hope second only, perhaps, to President Roosevelt himself to weary and oppressed people all over the world. We regretted Mr. Truman's early connection with the notorious Pendergast machine in Kansas City, though all the evidence seems to show that the machine supported Mr. Truman and not vice versa. We are now glad to acknowledge that his conduct during the campaign has been exemplary. The charge of membership in the Ku Klux Klan which was made against him he answered promptly and decisively, and within a week's time the country seemed convinced that it was false. As chairman of a Senate committee charged with investigating production of war materials, Mr. Truman played a tremendously important role. He should rank well up with the Vice Presidents of the recent past.

The Waning Power of the Press

If we owned a daily newspaper, or a chain of them, we should be thinking very seriously about the dwindling influence of the press on its readers. Once again,

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Mr. Roosevelt has demonstrated his ability to win an election despite the animosity of a large majority of all the important newspapers of the country outside the Solid South (which would doubtless go Democratic even if it had no newspapers at all). Editor and Publisher, itself a conservative organ inclined to be hostile to the New Deal, reported after a survey that 68.5 percent of the total circulation of the American press supported Dewey, 13.8 percent was neutral, and only 17.7 percent favored Roosevelt. The situation was even worse than in 1940 and in 1936, when the President scored most heavily in those cities where his newspaper opposition was most bitter and most nearly unanimous. The American people as a whole obviously distrust the advice they are given by their editors, even though in a city like New York, as Dr. Gerhart Saenger showed in The New Republic of July 31 and August 7, there is a high correlation between the views of readers of The Daily News and The Journal-American (Hearst) and the policies advocated in those papers.

Misuse of the Radio

No one can doubt that the owners of most of the radio chains and independent stations would have favored Dewey in this campaign if they had dared. Luckily for the people, however, they exist by sufferance of the federal government, which allocates wave lengths, and they are therefore compelled to maintain neutrality, giving time, on terms of equality, to the candidates of both parties. Beyond that, they sold time to whichever campaign committee could afford to pay for it. We haven't investigated the subject, but we have a strong feeling that the Republicans, with the vast funds at their disposal, managed to buy much more time than the Democrats did. Certainly the Republicans were guilty of the two most shocking abuses of the air in this generation—"Bring the boys home quicker, with Dewey and Bricker" and "Everything in your government [if Mr. Roosevelt is reëlected] will be cleared with radical Sidney Hillman and his communistic friend, Earl Browder." That a majority of Americans were able to rise above this sort of poison is a tribute to their sagacity and independence.

The Role of the PAC's

The Roosevelt victory throws sharply into the limelight the future of the CIO-PAC and the NCPAC. While the Republicans attempted during the campaign to argue that the support of these groups did Mr. Roosevelt more harm than good, it is now apparent that they were whistling in the dark. Although the data are not yet available for a final conclusion, it seems clear that the organized trade-unionists and liberals were responsible for a tremendous increase in registration, and especially in urban areas where the President was most popular. Broadly speaking, anybody who voted against Mr. Roosevelt because of his trade-union support, would have voted against him anyhow.

We must not, of course, attribute to the two PAC's more novelty than they possessed. This is not the first time that trade-unionists, or independent liberals, have taken an active part in politics; and we doubt whether these organizations brought out any very large number of people who had been eligible to vote on previous occasions and had not done so. What they did was to fight the apathy and indifference to the election which a few months ago seemed so widespread. They gave a sense of urgency and high morale to a campaign that at first appeared conspicuously lacking in these elements. Undoubtedly the brilliant and shrewd pamphlets of advice, of which more than 80 million were distributed, resulted in far more, and far more skillful, amateur electioneering all over the country than would otherwise have been seen.

Was It Coercion?

There were some protests that members of unions were being dragooned into supporting a candidate whom they wished to oppose, and that contributions were being made to campaign funds under compulsion. We are not aware that any such criticisms should be taken seriously. In several cases, charges of coercion were made and were promptly broadcast by the press. So far as we know, every one of these was subsequently disproved, although the papers were far less interested in printing the correction than they had been in spreading the accusation. Mr. Fulton Lewis Jr. said on the radio that in one union, people who failed to contribute to funds for political purposes were held not in good standing, and subject to dismissal under the union contract. If this charge is true, the union policy should be opposed. The fact, however, that, true or false, only a single charge of this kind has been made, would seem to speak well for the character of the campaign conducted by the CIO-PAC. Anyone who says that trade-unionists should not take part in politics is denying the fundamentals of the democratic process. Employers have certainly been in politics for many years, without a word of adverse comment from those who were so much upset at the developments this year. The truth is, in our opinion, that they were upset, not because the unions had got into politics, but because they were doing such a fine job of it.

A Bad Amendment

Early returns suggest that the so-called "freedom to work" amendment was defeated in Arkansas and Florida, and we hope final reports verify this. As our readers know, this plan sounded fair and reasonable but would in fact destroy trade unionism completely. A majority of the employers themselves are against this precious plan, the invention of "Pappy" O'Daniel of Texas.

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It's Roosevelt Again!

IT'S ROOSEVELT again! The people have returned the President to office to finish the war and carry us forward into permanent prosperity and peace. This outcome of the bitterest election campaign in generations seems to us overwhelming good news.

It is good news, not only in itself, but because the alternative would have been catastrophic. With Mr. Roosevelt in office, we may expect an early and satisfactory end of the war, at least a good chance of permanent peace, and the continuance and deepening of the program of social reform under the New Deal which has been hampered by the necessities of wartime as well as the returning power of the tories in Congress. A victory for Mr. Dewey would, on the other hand, have gravely unsettled the progress of the war and would have raised serious questions about the extent of the future American participation in the peace. Mr. Dewey had given lip-service to the results achieved at Dumbarton Oaks, but, unfortunately, there was no reason to believe that he was in earnest about this or indeed about any of his other promises in the campaign. If he had won, it would have seemed to people throughout the world a repudiation of our war leadership by the electorate. It would also have meant an almost complete interruption of diplomatic processes between the United States and the other Allies until after the inauguration on January 20. Thereafter, there would have come another interregnum of several months at least, while the new President and the new Cabinet were getting their feet under them.

President Roosevelt's reëlection seems to us equally important from the standpoint of domestic affairs. We take it for granted that within the next four years the war will come to an end in all its phases and the processes of demobilization and reconversion will be well on their way. The New Republic has been far from satisfied with the plans in these fields already brought forward by the Roosevelt administration, but we have no doubt that they are enormously superior to those a Dewey administration would have inaugurated. Mr. Dewey, as we have said in the past, has seemed to us to be completely the prisoner—even if the willing prisoner—of the spokesmen for big industry and big finance within the Republican Party; we are confident that the process of reconversion, so far as he is concerned, would have meant turning the country over to these interests.

When we come to the general economic outlook after the war, if Dewey had been elected, we again see a dark picture. The Republican candidate never showed any understanding of the economic forces that are loose in the modern world, or of how to cope with them. But even if he had such an understanding, it is safe to predict that the powerful elements in the Republican Party which would have been in control, would not have permitted the necessary measures to be taken. They wanted the immediate removal of all governmental efforts to curb the wild swings of the business cycle. They wanted low taxes, high profits, monopolistic operations and low wages—the perfect formula to bring on an early and severe depression.

And finally, so far as the Dewey campaign is concerned, we rejoice in President Roosevelt's reëlection because of the extraordinary slanders that were uttered against him by Republican campaign orators. The American people are to be congratulated on the good sense and discrimination they displayed in rejecting these wild accusations.

As for Mr. Roosevelt, all of us know him too well to need to say very much about him. We take it for granted that his fourth term in office will be his last; certainly it is hard for us to imagine any circumstances under which the editors of The New Republic would support a fifth candidacy. If this is his last term, it gives him a magnificent opportunity, despite the difficulties that will be created for him by the continuing "Unholy Alliance" of conservatives in both parties in Congress. Now, and in a sense for the first time since 1932, he can act for the pages of history, without needing to consider petty arguments of political advantage. He can be his own man in a sense that is never possible to an actual or putative candidate for reëlection. Now he can discard the dubious value of support by Mayor Hague and his fellows in other parts of the country. (We strongly doubt that their aid has been as useful as they themselves pretend, and are inclined to think that in recent years, the President has pulled them through more often than they have done this for him.) Now the President can act according to the merits of the case in regard to Franco, instead of being hampered by worry over the Roman Catholic vote in this country. Now he can defy the Southern tories in the Democratic Party. He can strike vigorous blows for the abolition of the poll tax, and for full justice, economic and political, for the Negro. Since he no longer has to prove to the conservatives in both parties and all sections of the country that he is the friend of so-called "free enterprise," he can return with vigor to the unfinished tasks of the New Deal, the tasks of striking off the shackles of monopoly, of extending social security, of working for the maximum health and happiness of every American. He has never gone as fast or as far in these directions as The New Republic would have wished, and we have repeatedly in the past twelve years criticized him on these grounds. If occasion arises, we expect to continue this criticism. We hope and believe, however, that he will take advantage of the opportunity now before him, and we gladly pledge ourselves to play our part, whatever it may be, in the great task.

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The Three-Way Attack

The attack upon the inner fortress of Germany has reached a juncture in which each of the three fronts is at virtually the same stage of development, with expectation of early exploitation. For more than a year the Russians had been driving the Germans back, while the Western Allies had little or no land contact with the enemy. The landings in Normandy and the sweep across France reversed this situation for a while, and American armies won an early toehold on German soil. Now the Russians have a corresponding minor penetration of East Prussia, and the southern front has been brought almost into line by the advance through Hungary. It is to be expected that German resistance will stiffen as the Red Army and its co-belligerents approach the Austrian border, and it will take time to mass the overwhelming force needed to penetrate the frontier. But there can be little doubt that operations on this front can be extended to the 1939 southern borders of Germany (which included Austria) at about the same time that major drives are launched in the east and west.

It is debatable whether perfect simultaneity is desirable; the important thing is that the Allies should have the initiative and the power freely to exploit it. They already have the former, on all fronts, and the power to exploit it is being built up, on all fronts.

Omission at Antwerp

This is most conspicuous in the west, as a result of the clearing of the Schelde estuary. Why the Germans permitted Antwerp to fall virtually undamaged into Allied hands is a mystery which still has not been explained, although the efforts of the Belgian patriots' "White Army" and the speed of the British advance obviously were important factors. It is ironic that it was an act of omission, rather than of commission, by the Germans who occupied the Low Countries for more than four years, that will impose the greatest delay upon the United Nations in putting Antwerp to use.

Like all the estuaries of western Europe, that of the Schelde requires constant dredging to clear the ship channels for vessels of deep draft. This the Germans neglected, because they had so little freedom of movement for ocean-going vessels under the eyes and guns of the Royal Air Force. Consequently, Liberty ships and the like, which draw thirty feet of water at full load, may not be able to get into Antwerp for months, even after the mines are cleared. But the supplying of the armies in France since D-day shows that the Allies are not dependent upon deep-draft ships: the countless types of flat-bottomed, ramp-bowed craft, from Higgins boats to LST's, have carried the bulk of the armies' needs either from transports offshore, or across the Channel from England. These same craft will be in use in the Schelde by the time these lines appear in print.

Landing Craft Needed

The great disadvantage of using landing craft in this endeavor lies far from the drowned lowlands of the Schelde. The three Allied armies (Canadian, British and American, in clockwise order), which must rely upon supplies shipped through the Schelde, will be fed and armed just as effectively and almost as easily by landing craft as by big supply ships. It is Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten who will feel the difference, because once again unforeseen developments in Europe have deprived him of the means of launching amphibious operations against the Japanese who occupy the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal. The Southeast Asia commander himself announced that his plans for such an offensive had to be canceled when landing craft were withdrawn for Anzio. Then deliveries during the summer were held up because of the unexpected necessity for supplying General Eisenhower's armies over the beaches of Normandy. Now the same situation has developed in the case of Antwerp, and even censored dispatches have made it clear that there were heavy losses in landing craft during the landings on Walcheren. The conclusion that Admiral Mountbatten again will be the loser is inescapable.

A High Price in the Philippines

It seems clear that even the "massive blow" struck by MacArthur, with four assault divisions making the first landings on Leyte, was not as massive as the General would have liked, or as might have been desirable. And it seems clear that it was struck ahead of schedule. Certainly the Japanese air bases in the Philippines had not been subjected to the same campaign of obliteration, extending over several months, as had other enemy air bases which had lain in the path of MacArthur's advance from eastern New Guinea. True, the navy, with its spectacular carrier-task-force raids on enemy islands from the Ryukyus, through Formosa and Luzon to the Visayas (central Philippines), had left the Japanese air force reeling. MacArthur's own fliers, under Lieutenant General George C. Kenney, had executed even more destruction on Mindanao's numerous airfields. But the enemy was only reeling; he was not knocked out, and with the extraordinary tenacity which the Japanese continue to display, he made a quick recovery.

In consequence, Japanese aerial reprisal against the Leyte beachhead, against supply ships offshore, and against naval craft lying further out, has been extremely heavy—far heavier than in any campaign since Guadalcanal. In the navy-directed invasions of island groups, such as the Gilberts, Marshalls, Marianas and Palaus, it was possible to isolate the battlefield, so that the enemy was able neither to bring up reinforcements nor to make effective aerial counter-thrusts. To achieve the same degree of isolation of the battlefield in the case of the Philippines, a far longer campaign than that

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actually undertaken would have been necessary. For reasons which may prove completely satisfying, but which have not yet been disclosed because of security considerations, the long campaign was not undertaken and the landings were made with a minimum of delay. The results have been apparent in the navy's admission of damage to several combat ships, and the obvious deduction that if heavily armed naval craft could be bombed, supply ships could not escape.

While there is no reason to doubt that the current battle for the Philippines will be entirely successful, there is every reason to expect that it will have to be bought at a high price. Baseless campaign charges by candidates lusting for office can only obscure the developments of the war in the Orient; they contribute nothing to shortening it.

Academic Freedom in Texas

The Board of Regents of the University of Texas, has fired its president, Homer P. Rainey, in a fight over academic freedom, with the Board on the wrong side. The action is a climax to three full years of struggle between Rainey, the faculty and the vast majority of the student body on one side, and the regents and the vested interests they represent on the other. The regents sought to perpetuate reaction through the teachings of the university, and Rainey opposed them.

The Board is now being reorganized and the hope is that the new body will reinstate President Rainey. Meanwhile the American Association of University Professors is already investigating the situation. A fellow Southern college president, Frank Graham of North Carolina, has put the case clearly: "The regents are doing to the University of Texas what Bilbo did to the University of Mississippi and what Talmadge did to the University of Georgia. . . . It is the faith of millions who love Texas that the people of Texas will rise up and demand the retention of President Rainey as a great American. . . . The charges against him are an honor to him and the University and should not be allowed to become a dishonor and a disgrace to Texas and to higher education."

Catholicism in France and Germany

As the blood of politics begins to circulate again through the frozen veins of France, an important question is the role of the Catholic Church in that country toward the German invaders. The Church was by no means a monolith on this subject; certain of the clergy, and especially the parish priests, participated in the resistance and were innocent of collaboration. This was not true of all, however; some important prelates stood with Vichy and the Germans, and are now in trouble because of it. The Archbishop of Paris is trying hard to prove that the Church was impartial in the conflict; and a Catholic paper, Le Temps Présent, has argued that the Church should be above politics. It is a grave question whether predominant opinion in France at present will consider this attitude good enough. Moreover, there is some confusion as to whether this really is the policy of the Church. A dispatch from Berne, published in The New York Times of November 2, says that the German Catholic bishops of western and southwestern Germany "have addressed a joint pastoral letter to their congregations requesting them to stand loyally behind the [German] troops at the front," and expressing "gratitude for the effective protection [furnished by the Nazis] on all fronts." This is not neutrality: this is being pro-Nazi. Inevitably, many people will get an impression that the Church's policy is one of expediency which sees no real moral superiority of democracy over fascism.

France and Spain

France is the only great power, except the Soviet Union, which has not recognized Franco's fascist regime in Spain. In spite of apparent strong pressure, especially from Great Britain, de Gaulle has not committed himself on the Spanish question. His "hands-off" policy seems the wisest course, for the time being. But the liberation of France has given new encouragement to Spanish republicans, in exile and at home. Sooner or later France will have to support the democratic cause in Spain actively, for no other reason than that France is the most likely springboard for the Spanish revolution which, at present at least, is impossible without foreign aid. The French resistance movement is definitely in favor of such support. As one French newspaper, Franc-Tireur, recently put it: "France will not be fully free so long as Spain is in captivity." The new France is indeed facing a golden opportunity to prove her desire for a democratic Europe.

The Iranian Oil Question

The Iranian government's refusal to grant to the Soviet Union concessions for the exploitation of the Kevir and Khurian oil deposits in the northern part of the country is, on the surface, a courageous move. Behind it, however, looms the perpetual danger of international oil rivalry among the great powers. For there is some evidence that the Iranian government's refusal is endorsed by Great Britain and the United States. Russia's desire to develop oil deposits outside of her boundaries is understandable in view of her claim that she controls only 11 percent of the world's oil resources as compared with the 57 percent under American and 27 percent under British control. Yet the hue and cry raised in the Soviet press, which has accused the Iranian government of being "pro-fascist" and "anti-Soviet," is not only irrelevant and unjust, but savors of the worst kind of economic imperialism. The Iranian oil question once more underlines the need for international, coöperative development of the world's raw materials as against exclusive "spheres of influence" control.

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Thirtieth Anniversary

With this issue, The New Republic enters its thirty-first year of publication. We had planned to make a little fuss over the anniversary, but we have been too busy with politics and other matters that are doubtless of more real interest to our readers.

The original intention had been to launch the paper early in August, 1914, but the First World War came along to upset the editors' plans; and it was not until after three months of anxiously scanning the European conflagration that they plucked up their courage and brought out Volume I, Number 1. Since then, The New Republic has survived not only that world war, but several years of another one, with Harding's normalcy, Coolidge's do-nothingism, the Great Depression, and a lot of other things, in between. Of our editorial influence it would perhaps be improper for us to speak; but we can at least report that we enter our thirty-first year of publication with an increase in circulation of 50 percent over the recent average, in advertising of 100 percent, and with a reader response certainly as great as it has ever been. Looking back over our first 30 years, we are filled with the optimistic confidence, no doubt unwarranted, that any paper that can live through the past 30 years can live through anything.

Will China Win Her War?

THE RECALL of General Stilwell, apparently at the request of Chiang Kai-shek, has served to concentrate the attention of the American people on Chinese shortcomings. Henceforth, they will watch carefully to see whether the leaders of the Kuomintang will succeed in carrying out the sort of program which they understand General Stilwell has been urging.

Months ago, before discussion of the matter became general, The New Republic pointed out the regrettable weaknesses of the Chinese government in making adequate use of such aid as this country might be able to furnish. The Kuomintang itself is now a non-democratic group in which persons seeking their own aggrandizement have great influence. It has obstructed both efficient organization of military supply and of the armies in the field. Even more serious, it has kept a large part of the Chinese military potential immobilized by its hostility toward the so-called communists. There has apparently been little assurance that it would not utilize supplies from this country to strengthen the armies facing the communists, and none at all that it would allow the considerable communist forces to be equipped and turned against the common enemy. Evidently it is looking forward to a civil war and would rather make sure of winning this war than of defeating the Japanese.

The news that Donald Nelson is to go to China to organize a Chinese WPB is reassuring so far as it goes, but he can have little success unless the authorities in Chungking give him more effective coöperation than they gave General Stilwell. Chinese spokesmen are making a serious mistake when they imply that this country has gone too far in stipulating that internal reform must be a condition of Allied plans to wage full-scale war against the Japanese on Chinese territory. The motive of these requests is not political, nor does it imply any intrusion on Chinese sovereignty. The hard fact is that American supplies and energies will be wasted and the conditions for their effective deployment will not exist unless the Chungking authorities evince more competence than in the past.

The war against Japan will certainly be won, if not in one way, then in another. The Allies cannot for their own sakes allow Japan to keep a foothold of power on the continent of Asia. Whatever happens, Americans will retain the friendliest possible feelings for the Chinese people. But we cannot help them to win their own war unless their leaders will permit them to help themselves.

The same logic will hold true for peace plans after Japan is defeated. Great hopes are entertained for the development of China through building of industry and transportation. The Chinese are counting on investment, equipment and advice from this country in order to achieve this goal. The project is one of mutual advantage and nothing should be allowed to obstruct it. Nevertheless, it cannot be effectuated if the Chinese are going to be rent by civil war, if their government is to be dictatorial and devoted to safeguarding the wealth of the few, and if competent management cannot be assured. Chiang Kai-shek and his lieutenants may be quite certain that a Chinese regime which makes it necessary for Britain and the United States to win the war against Japan without as much help from them as China is capable of supplying will not be one which is regarded as deserving full confidence in postwar development.

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A Journal of Opinion

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Journey in America

I. *Norfolk, Raleigh and Atlanta*

This is the first of a series of articles reporting what is being done—and left undone—in various regions of the United States to prepare for the problems of peace. The next cities to be discussed by Mr. Mezerik are Birmingham and New Orleans. – THE EDITORS

I LEFT NEW YORK seeking answers. The war has brought industry and skilled labor to our South and West. What does it mean to America's future? How do the people feel about it? What are the chances that war-born industry will remain and become a means for more abundant living throughout the country? These are the questions. To get first-hand answers I visited the cities of the South and West.

Norfolk, Va. – This is one of America's most overcrowded cities. Its peacetime population was small—140,000, of whom 90,000 were white. Now the city has more than 300,000 residents, and the metropolitan area, which includes the great naval base at Portsmouth and Newport News, contains 700,000 civilians. There are well over 100,000 men and women in the military services here. No wonder business is good.

Norfolk's streets any evening look like Times Square on Saturday night. Merchants can sell anything on which they can get their hands. The "No Vacancy" sign is figuratively hanging on every house, hotel room, movie box-office, even on restaurant chairs. Everyone to whom I have talked comes soon to the question, "How much of all this will Norfolk keep after the war?" There is quick recognition that it will not keep 100 percent. A good many are not interested in that high a percentage, and the truth is that Norfolk hasn't the facilities to service that many people and could not, in the foreseeable future, get them.

There is agreement that the 100,000 war workers now active in building facilities for, or working in, the giant government Navy Yard and the shipyards, will leave Norfolk. The exodus has already started. Most of the families of the navy personnel will go when the war is ended. With their departure the present inflationary values in real estate will collapse and the merchants' rich harvest dry up. There is some justice in that, because the prices being charged here, particularly to the sailors and soldiers, are outrageous.

Talking to bankers, government officials and business men quickly develops their idea of the future. There is little hope that Norfolk will become a manufacturing center, for even the war did not develop any big plants, nor did the war greatly expand the dock facilities. Yet it is as a port that Norfolk has found its real reason for being. But here its future is circumscribed. Norfolk occupies a situation analogous to that of a moving man who receives a comparatively small sum for hauling someone else's property from one place to another. Norfolk creates none of the things it ships, and it processes none. It is simply a transit point. It has been kept that way for a long time by the railroads, who largely own the port facilities. Norfolk's future does not look very promising. There is little agriculture in the vicinity. Norfolk is not a gateway market; it is away off the beaten track.

Raleigh, N. C. – It is like working a jigsaw puzzle to try to fit together the things you hear so they will apply to each of the cities, the states and the regions. The completed puzzle makes the national picture, yet there is startlingly little realization, among the individuals to whom I talk, that their plans and their future have great bearing on the welfare of the entire country. One thing is clear, however. Before the war the South was generally designated as National Economic Problem No. 1. We in the North may have lost sight of that fact during the present flush prosperity, but I find that Southerners, whether business men, labor leaders, bankers, editors or politicians, have not. They are acutely conscious of the danger of sliding back into prewar unemployment and low levels of consumption. They cast around for antidotes, yet most of them feel their future may escape them.

There is in North Carolina, as all through the South, an aggravated split in "business thinking." It is easy to remember that ever since the Civil War, absentee ownership by large Northern interests has been a continuing factor. Forward-looking Southern leaders maintain that these Northern interests long ago hooked up to a few Southern industries—utility and transportation interests—which in turn had overwhelming influence on congressmen. The net result of their joint manipulations, these Southerners say, was widespread Southern poverty. Recent years have brought the beginning of change, beamed by an enlightened Southern leadership and assisted here and there by a Northern interest which has begun to see that a prosperous and healthy South is good for the country, since it would create growing markets for both alike. It is apparent that the line-up is rapidly stiffening in the face of the changes caused by the war.

The "new school" wants expansion, a more nearly self-sufficient agricultural population on family-size

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farms, new home-owned small industries, and education with which to man both. The "old school" is vociferous for the good old days of magnolia blossoms with low wages, no taxes and no particular concern about education. Here in North Carolina the nation will get a good look as to how that battle will go, for North Carolina has resources, both material and spiritual, with which to carve out her destiny.

This is a state of small towns. No one of them is strong enough to dominate it either politically or economically. There is not one national newspaper chain in all of North Carolina, yet there are 44 daily newspapers, some, like Josephus Daniels' Raleigh News and Observer, nationally outstanding. Industry, with the exception of cigarettes, is fairly well decentralized. Yet in the midst of this fortunate set of civic circumstances sit feudal principalities, jealous of one another and seeking to dominate the actions of the entire state. This plantation type of community is far from restricted to agriculture. Its newest and most aggravated form has carried over into certain textile and tobacco centers where union-busting and low wages have been the rule. Many influential people in North Carolina now recognize the evils that have followed this way of dealing with problems. They also know and want to talk about the effect of the freight-rate differentials on their economy. They add absentee ownership, their feudal landlords and freight-rate differentials together, and hold them responsible for retarding their progress.

North Carolina's industrial backwardness shows itself clearly in its lack of available technical knowledge. Here I have met the first of the attempts to establish an indigenous sort of Mellon Institute where local business can go for help on technical problems. This movement is sparked by some of the people at the University of North Carolina, which surely is one of the most hopeful educational institutions in the South. They try there to cement their relationships with business and labor leaders, the while Howard Odum and his able associates seek the basic solutions with which to remedy the South's social and economic ailments.

The University of North Carolina people are inspired with a vision of a rejuvenated South. They think of the depressed white and of the Negro as integral and permanent parts of the South, and they point with hope to the future. Paul Green, the playwright, in his home at Raleigh told me an interesting and indicative story. The University of North Carolina admits no Negroes. The state, however, supports a Negro institution of higher learning at Durham, miles way. Under a Supreme Court decision they are required to furnish to the Negro school the same standard of education in effect for whites at the University of North Carolina. To achieve this the professors travel from Raleigh to Durham to hold classes. Recently the Regents of the University were meeting with the Negro president of the Durham university. With considerable concern, they were going over the high costs involved in the time and travel of the professors teaching in both schools. The Regents were analyzing the law course. One Regent asked the Negro president if all those professors were necessary. The president said yes. A second Regent turned idly to the president and said, "How many students do you have in your law course?" The president smiled, raised one finger, and said, "One, gentlemen. Prejudice comes high."

Atlanta, Ga. – This is the city where the managerial revolution has taken place, not at all in the way Burnham visualized it nor with his predicted effects, but certainly the managers are in the saddle and they ride Georgia and the South hard, making all the people pay plenty for the privilege of carrying them. They do not have the power to make a final decision; their authority is temporary and subject to removal by the boss, yet in that interim where the individual manager does have the power, it far exceeds anything that the slave overseer ever knew. The overseer exercised dictatorial power over his plantation but he had little or no authority over the social or economic life of a nearby city or of the state. He had no authority over the hands of the next plantation. Political influence was the prerogative of the planters, not the overseer.

Atlanta's managers are not inhibited by the limitations which restricted the overseers. They rule the destinies of the people in the South, and it makes little difference whether the people get their living from farms, factories or from the professions. The managers make the rules and the laws and control the banks from whom all credit flows, as well as the stores where all do their buying. How they got that way is an intriguing story.

The manager who represents absentee ownership, such as the power companies and the transportation system, is the simplest to understand. Whether Southern or Northern-born, he lives to carry out the desires of his employers, and since his employers have placed investments in his hands for the purpose of profit, the motivation of each manager is to protect these profits, a chore which leads him into great activity on every front. Basically his corporation wants low wages, so the manager spearheads anti-union activities. His company interlocks with other Northern companies which manufacture finished products sold in the South, so he wants the freight-rate differential kept, since if the South developed its own industries, they would cut into the Northern company's profits. The manager's Northern interests profit by the maintenance of a higher tariff, so he fights any attempt to bring this issue to life.

Increased taxes for education, health and roads make costs higher for the absentee owner. They are not to be encouraged. Reforestation, soil conservation, crop diversification, all cost money, to no immediate benefit

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for the Northern owner. The manager, pushed by economic drives, is on principle against any and all of them, and it is fairly simple to follow his reasoning.

More complicated is the manager who represents Southern capital. He presents the strange phenomenon of an ultra-modern version of the major domo for a genuine feudal baron, for southern Bourbons are feudal in their living and in their thinking. Having made huge fortunes, as the Dukes did in the power companies or as the Candlers have in Coca-Cola, they grow timid, buy up real estate and invest only in sure things. Then the capitalist reluctantly entrusts his scepter to a manager while he follows the investment of his capital northward to a safe haven. The manager remains as a man with vast powers. He makes alliances with his brothers from the North, and together they back the Talmadges, the Reynolds and the other politicians, who, while they seem men of the people to the "fork and crick folk," are owned body and breeches by the manager.

The manager is judged by his employer on the basis of results, which accounts for his ruthlessness. His irresponsibility stems from the fact that he is not a source of power and is not, in the final analysis, accountable socially for his actions, yet his hold today seems absolute. I have talked to the editors of papers, to the progressive leaders and to the leading business men. Every conversation has led back to Atlanta's leading manager, a banker. All roads lead to him. This particular manager sits in the center of the Georgia spider web and from that vantage point calls all the turns. I went to interview him with my curiosity aroused. I asked him about the 85-percent absentee ownership in Georgia, about the 50 percent of the money on deposit in Georgia banks which is owned by the North. My questions were focused on the postwar crop of dragon's teeth which will be reaped from all this absentee ownership. I got no clue. Neither wisdom, judgment nor statesmanship was evident. The answer to the leading manager's position is outside of him: in the power companies and the Coca-Cola Company.

It does terrible things to a state. Newspaper editors, business men, bankers, all reflect the psychological effects. Pessimism rules them all. They attribute it to old causes—the Civil War, Sherman's march, carpetbaggers and surviving Bourbons. In all these there is some truth, as there is in the one-party rule, the two-color system and the poll tax. Yet overhanging all these real factors in the pattern of Georgia's frustration is the inescapable net woven by the managers. Georgia's blind alley ends right in their offices. No wonder the Georgia story is one of fear and pessimism. Here and there a voice is lifted, as by the Georgia Factfinding Movement, with its descriptive literature designed to give Georgians a picture of their plight, necessarily couched in terms ultra-conservative to the eyes of an outspoken Easterner. One of its newspapers, The Atlanta Constitution, tries too tentatively, like a boy testing a hot bath with his toe, and now labor speaks uncompromisingly on the Negro's rights when others raise that question. Yet with the exception of the new and still small organized labor movement, the South and Georgia have had these voices before and the managers have arrogantly and cynically waved them aside. Up to now the dawn of a new day is not here.

A. G. MEZERIK

France: Key to Europe

FRANCE is the key to Europe. What is happening there now, and what will happen in the months to come, will be of decisive importance for the rest of the continent. France is the only western European country where the progressive forces have a good chance of winning. Their success would not only influence political developments in Italy and Spain, but also in Germany. The smoldering Spanish revolution against the fascist regime of Franco is indicative of the centrifugal effect of the French renaissance.

The French themselves are well aware of the role they can play in the future of Europe. Their strength derives less from military power than from the revolutionary dynamism of their resistance. When General de Gaulle complains, as he recently did in his first press conference since the liberation, about Allied failure to include France in the discussions concerning Germany, in spite of the fact that "we now know French opinion and world opinion," he might have added that it is precisely this knowledge which causes the Allies to look with suspicion on the unfolding pattern of French politics. For French opinion, decidedly revolutionary as compared with "world opinion," is the main pillar of French strength.

This has long been known in Allied councils. Opposition to de Gaulle's leadership of the French resistance movement prior to liberation was not motivated, as was claimed, by Allied regard for the democratic wishes of the French people. No such concern has been shown in Italy, Spain or Poland. France was to be treated as a second-class power because de Gaulle's own nationalist intransigence, once combined with the revolutionary demand of the resistance movement for a better social and economic order, might prove a stumbling block to the conservative, British-controlled system of order and stability planned for western and southern Europe.

De Gaulle's so-called "difficulties" with left-wing

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resistance groups, notably the Communist Party, the French Forces of the Interior and various regional committees of liberation, should therefore be looked upon in perspective. De Gaulle has never been an Allied tool. His prestige, his final triumph over Weygand, Darlan and Giraud, who had been successively selected by the Allies as their puppets, was due to the unquestioned support he had from the underground. This support he cannot afford to lose without committing political suicide. Are there any signs of a split between de Gaulle and his government, on the one side, and the resistance movement, on the other?

To answer this question, it is essential to understand the nature of French underground resistance. It was not just a struggle for national liberation against foreign oppression; it was equally a revolutionary fight against the political and economic evils of the Third Republic, especially the excesses of parliamentarism, arbitrary administrative centralism and monopoly capitalism.

The chief guarantee for the attainment of the revolutionary objectives of the resistance movement is the continued existence, particularly in the present period of political uncertainty, of their organizations. Speaking at a meeting of the Mouvement de la Liberation Nationale on September 17, 1944, Pascal Copeau expressed resistance sentiment when he said, "We have not yet the guarantee that the will of the people will always be respected. . . . That is why the resistance organizations will continue."

The decision of the National Resistance Council not to dissolve is no defiance of de Gaulle's authority. It is understandable that the Council should be jealously critical of every act of the government. And it is natural that jurisdictional conflicts should occur. The recent order of the government dissolving the so-called Patriotic Guards, a kind of internal security organization of the French Forces of the Interior, was severely criticized by the National Resistance Council because, whatever the merits of the order, it was considered an arbitrary act and promulgated without previous consultation. The Council has now categorically stated that its collaboration with the government "implies an advance exchange of views between the government and the Council of Resistance on all great issues that concern the resistance movement."

The refusal of the FFI to relinquish its identity springs from the well justified distrust of the regular French officer corps, which has long been regarded as anti-republican and reactionary. Resistance leaders know that here is a singular opportunity to create a new national and popular army on a democratic basis. In all likelihood the FFI, numbering from 350,000 to 400,000 men, will have its way. Again, this should not be considered as defiance of de Gaulle's regime, but rather as a natural and healthy reaction to the petrified militarism of the Third Republic.

While it is perhaps too early to chart the precise course of the new French revolution, some recent events suggest its general direction. Government and resistance movement are agreed on the need for the nationalization of basic industries. De Gaulle's speech at Lille, on October 1, 1944, in favor of a planned economy under state control, left no doubt as to the intentions of the government. That even the extreme Right in the resistance movement endorses nationalization appeared from the speech by its representative, Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, at the Vélodrome d'Hiver meeting of the Resistance Council on October 7. "Irresponsible capitalists," he said, "have too long ruled French affairs. . . . Workers must share in the management of economic enterprises and in the benefits flowing from them."

As early as the latter part of September the government decided to take over the coal mines in the Nord and Pas-de-Calais Departments and the Renault plant near Paris. The extent of the nationalization program is foreshadowed by the minimum demand of the powerful Conféderation Général du Travail for state ownership of mines, electric power, chemical and steel industries, insurance companies and the Bank of France, which is to be given close control over private banks. The CGT also demands the breaking up of all holding companies. France appears to be tending toward a "pluralistic economy," with nationalized, state-controlled and free sectors. Such a development would correspond to the aspirations of the resistance movement.

The punishment of collaborationists is by no means incidental to the nationalization program. Some of the most notorious collaborationists are capitalists and industrialists. While they are technically tried for treason and intelligence with the enemy, in reality their punishment is a form of social-revolutionary justice. Many of them, like the bankers Hippolyte Worms and Gabriel Leroy-Ladurie, or the automobile magnate, François Lehideux, all now under arrest, belonged to the Mouvement Synarchique d'Empire, founded in 1922 by one Jean Coutrot. Its purpose was the overthrow of French democracy, the complete rule of monopoly capitalism at home and coöperation with like-minded groups of capitalists and industrialists throughout the world in a kind of international super-cartel.[1] When Worms and Leroy-Ladurie were arrested, the newspaper Parisien Libre, of September 9, 1944, correctly interpreted their arrest as a blow to international trusts. The liquidation of these men is therefore not only an act of justice against traitors, but actually amounts to a change in France's class structure.

[1] The Mouvement Synarchique d'Empire should not be confused with the Mexican Unión Nacional Sinarquista, a fascist mass movement, with which it had no connection. There is an excellent study of the MSE by Lilian T. Mowrer, entitled "Concerning France" and published by the Union for Democratic Action, 9 East Forty-sixth Street, New York 17, N. Y. Its price is 15 cents.—H. E.

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While there is fundamental agreement on the nature of the French economy, France's future administrative structure is less well defined. In recent weeks a number of Paris-appointed departmental prefects have been unable to take office because they found local committees of national liberation in full control and unwilling to step down. But opposition from these spontaneously created local authorities should not be mistaken for open rebellion against de Gaulle's government. It is symptomatic of the French people's real desire for democracy in local government. It is, furthermore, a natural reaction to the highly centralized and often arbitrary administrative system of the Third Republic, which only too frequently did not respond to local needs and disregarded the wishes of the population. It is understandable that the new local authorities want to stay in power until local elections, now scheduled for February, indicate the people's political orientation.

French centralism was the immediate result of the disastrously unstable form of parliamentary government which characterized the Third Republic. It was the only way to bring some sort of stability to a country in which the executive branch of the government was continuously exposed to the whims of a capricious parliament. A change in France's parliamentary system may therefore also rejuvenate her administrative system and make it more acceptable locally. But until the meeting of a constituent assembly, conflicts between local authorities and national administrative officers may be expected as a matter of routine.

Distrust of the old parliamentarism and old parliamentarians is shared by Left, Center and Right in the resistance movement. Only 60 parliamentarians are now sitting in the Consultative Assembly, the provisional parliament. While no concrete proposals concerning the structure of the future parliament have appeared, all resistance groups probably favor a strong executive along the British model, with power to dissolve the legislature in case of conflict and the possibility of appeal to the electorate. Suggestions, especially by the Communists, that the resistance groups agree on single tickets for electoral purposes, if accepted, should also contribute to more stable parliamentary life in postwar France.

It is for all of these reasons that the prospect of democracy in France is brighter than anywhere else in Europe. If the French succeed in putting their own house in order, they may be expected to take the lead in creating a democratic, socialist and federated Europe. It is interesting, therefore, to listen to Georges Bidault, the new French Foreign Minister and former president of the National Resistance Council. Bidault, according to an interview published in The New York Times of October 8, 1944, rejects as unworkable the idea of a three or four-power council directing the affairs of Europe. "I do not believe even in a five-power directorate that would include France," he said. It is hardly necessary to point out that words like these will find an appreciative audience among the peoples of Europe who are increasingly disturbed by the conservative *Machtpolitik* of the great powers.

HEINZ H. F. EULAU

Veterans, Unions and Jobs

II. *Labor and the Veterans*

ON SEPTEMBER 7, Representative Paul Stewart (D., Okla.) arose in the House to voice a plea that war veterans be reëmployed without the "CIO Political Action Committee making our soldiers pay union dues, fees and tribute." If we may credit the Associated Press account, Mr. Stewart's fulminations provoked such enthusiastic applause from servicemen listening in the galleries that Speaker Rayburn found it necessary to reprimand the visitors. The incident is instructive and disturbing. Together with the insistent reports of anti-labor feeling among the boys at the fighting fronts, it reflects a curious situation for which we are certainly indebted to the commercial press and to all the little Peglers and Fulton Lewis Juniors who infest it and the radio.

The anti-labor bias of our fighting men is curious, for out of every group of five or six, one is already a union member. The UAW-CIO alone has 325,000 members in uniform and the total of all trade-union members who are also servicemen cannot be less than two million. Yet the army is everywhere reported as rabidly anti-labor. R. J. Thomas and other labor leaders who recently visited the fighting fronts, admitted the GI concern with strikes and with union tactics.

The boys in uniform have been sold a bill of goods —and the selling has been solid. If demobilization is slow and orderly and they return to a favorable employment market, this fact may not prove serious. A few weeks at home with the friends and relatives who have been fighting the battle of production—and, incidentally, the battle to maintain recent social gains—may substantially alter their present attitudes.

But again, it may not. If, as seems entirely possible, the employment market is chaotic and jobs are scarce or nonexistent, the story will be a different and uglier one. Against such a perspective, the present situation looks wholly sinister. It is heavy with postwar civil strife and, unless effectively countered, threatens to

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divide the workers at a time when we may conceivably be in deadly peril of a native fascism.

It is important to set down, for the record, what labor has done and is doing to protect the interests of veterans and to assist their return to peacetime life.

The unions have worked long and hard to protect the rights of returning servicemen, for these are largely their own people. In 1940, it was organized labor which urged the inclusion of reëmployment provisions in the Selective Service Act, over the protests of many management groups. Since that date, labor has supported every legislative proposal designed to improve the lot of the serviceman and to smooth his way upon return to civilian life. Labor was behind the GI Bill of Rights. Labor fought hard for the right of soldiers to vote. Labor backed the bill to increase GI pay and allowances. These are not opinions. They are a matter of record. Nor have the unions confined their activities to the legislative arena. Long before Pearl Harbor they were actively engaged in writing reëmployment guarantees into collective-bargaining agreements—most of them distinctly stronger than the provisions of the Selective Service Act. Thus, in the agreements negotiated with Ford and General Motors, the UAW extended to 90 days the period within which a veteran might apply for reëmployment, although the Selective Service Act limits the exercise of reëmployment rights to 40 days after discharge. As might easily have been anticipated, the world's largest union was more liberal in protecting the reëmployment rights of servicemen than were most of the congressmen who now accuse labor of impairing those rights.

In the automobile industry, also, the agreements negotiated by the UAW even permit an employee who has not completed his probationary period—and who, therefore, has no seniority and no status under the reemployment provisions of the Selective Service Act—to acquire permanent status and seniority standing by crediting military service toward completion of the probationary period. Nor is this all. The automotive agreements extend protection in accordance with relative seniority to *all* workers who have left the industry to join the armed services or the merchant marine. The Selective Service Act covers only a fraction of this number.

The UAW constitution has long provided for the waiving of initiation and reinstatement fees in the cases of returning veterans and the union has already waived its own seniority rules in a number of instances to permit disabled veterans to take work more suitable than that to which they had a reëmployment claim. At its Ninth Annual Convention, held in Grand Rapids in September, the union's policy was further broadened to provide that veterans who were not employed at the time they entered service, but who obtain employment after discharge in a plant covered by a UAW agreement, shall receive seniority credit for the time spent in the armed forces.

Outside of the auto industry, four of the seven largest CIO internationals—including Mr. Hillman's Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America—have exempted returning servicemen and women from the payment of initiation fees, and the others are now considering similar action. Even some AFL unions, which have traditionally laid great store by initiation fees, are now waiving them. A few weeks ago, the Executive Council of the International Association of Machinists directed its locals to exempt all honorably discharged veterans from such charges. At the same time, the Council took steps to establish in each local and district lodge a Veterans' Rehabilitation Committee to coöperate with all accredited agencies in training disabled veterans. The UAW has also set up a Veterans' Department in the international, and other unions are taking similar steps.

Organized labor has not forgotten the serviceman. Indeed, it may readily be argued that the unions, with their emphasis upon full employment and improved living standards after the war, have done more to assure a future for our veterans than has any other group. Certainly, the union interpretations of veterans' reëmployment rights, written into collective-bargaining agreements across the country, offer protection to a far greater number of veterans, and for a longer period, than do the Selective Service interpretations.

In the final analysis, the disastrous breach between labor and the veterans will be closed only to the extent that each understands the other. Such mutual understanding is difficult to come by today, not only because of the prevailing pattern of attitudes, but because it is anything but easy to get labor's position presented to the men and women in uniform.

Some persons believe that real understanding will never be reached until labor itself undertakes to establish a veterans' organization. The Labor Tribune, an AFL paper published in St. Louis, recently urged organized labor "to leave nothing undone, regardless of cost, to itself organize the war veterans, most of whom are plain, honest workers, who want a fair deal for their kind after the war." The question of labor support for a new veterans' organization is being widely discussed today in union circles and it is certain that any new liberal veterans' organization which holds promise of success will receive labor backing. In the meantime, other approaches are being followed.

The whole subject was thoroughly debated at the National UAW-CIO War Veterans' Conference, held in Washington last April. At that conference, attended by delegates from all over the country who were both war veterans and UAW members, a committee was appointed to study the relations of the union to the various veterans' organizations. The committee consid-

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ered three possibilities: the organization of a new veterans' group by labor; the endorsement by labor of one of the existing veterans' organizations and the concentration of union members in it; or coöperation with the progressive elements in all veterans' organizations.

The committee's analysis of these alternatives is interesting. They felt that the organization of a new veterans' group by labor was impractical for a number of reasons. They doubted whether labor could establish a new organization that could "compete with the prestige and well stocked treasuries" of the American Legion or the Veterans of Foreign Wars. They feared that such an undertaking would divide their own members, many of whom already belonged to the existing veterans' organizations. And they argued persuasively that the impetus for a new organization must come from World War II veterans themselves.

As between the remaining possibilities, the committee was not prepared to make a choice. Members recognized that endorsement of a particular veterans' organization by labor might also serve to split their own membership. But they believed there had been insufficient study of the advantages or disadvantages of such a move. They proposed, therefore, the establishment of a continuing committee to study the question, and the Conference adopted a resolution calling for a campaign "to focus the attention of veteran UAW-CIO members upon the absolute essentiality of joining and becoming active in the affairs of existing veterans' organizations in order to aid in the extension of a pro-labor sentiment on the councils of these organizations."

Since the UAW conference in April, a good deal of water has gone over the dam. There is now considerable evidence that organized labor is gravitating toward the Veterans of Foreign Wars and that the VFW is welcoming its support. Indeed, the most encouraging development in the whole field of veteran-union relationships is the agreement reached in July among representatives of the VFW, the CIO and the AFL.

That agreement, signed by Matthew Woll, George Meany and Robert Watt for the AFL, Clinton Golden, James Carey and J. Raymond Walsh for the CIO, Commander Carl J. Schoeninger, Past Commanders Hezekiah N. Duff and Paul C. Wolman for the VFW, constitutes, as Commander Schoeninger put it, a "great forward step in relations between labor and veterans."

Both groups recognize that "the welfare of the nation's veterans is ultimately dependent upon the well-being of the whole community of the country"—a recognition in itself sufficiently noteworthy. They further recognize that the right of labor to organize and to bargain collectively has been accepted by the people of the United States, as has the general principle of veterans' preference. With such common ground established, agreement is outlined on three major specific points. First, occupationally qualified veterans will be permitted to join contract-holding unions (in closed or union shops, as well as elsewhere) at pre-1940 initiation fees and with dues at the same rate as those paid by present members doing identical work. In other words, the veteran will be accorded preferential treatment in the matter of initiation fees and guaranteed against discriminatory treatment in the matter of dues; and this without regard to whether he ever served an apprenticeship with the union. A veteran will be entitled to full union membership regardless of how or where he learned his trade—a considerable concession on the part of the AFL.

Second, the three groups agreed that veterans should be credited, on a month-for-month basis, with seniority for the time spent in the armed forces after September 1, 1940. Such seniority credits will be accorded all returning veterans, whether or not they left "permanent" or "temporary" jobs in the Selective Service sense.

Third, it was agreed that in the case of disabled veterans, physically unable to perform their old work, seniority rules would be waived and the veteran permitted to take any suitable job. The Selective Service Act extends no reëmployment rights to veterans physically unable to perform their old jobs or similar ones.

This, in brief form, is the essence of the agreement which The Daily Labor Report, with fine understatement, characterized as "an unusual demonstration of coöperation." While it is not directly binding upon AFL or CIO affiliates, it is anticipated that the various international unions will adopt the outlined policies as a minimum. As we have seen, a number of the internationals have already gone further and the movement is gaining momentum.

It would have been worthy of comment at any time in our recent past for the responsible leaders of labor and of a major veterans' organization to reach such an agreement. In the present circumstances, it is news of the utmost importance to all progressives. The Veterans of Foreign Wars have been doing a good organizing job with our new veterans and they have over 300,000 members today still in active service. To them, they have undertaken to publicize this agreement. Such publicity will be effective—far more so than any which labor could get directly.

Moreover, the alliance here entered upon may have important implications for the future. Constructive leadership on the part of such an organization as the VFW can effectively foster that mutual understanding between the veterans and organized labor without which we shall almost certainly have chaos. The door has not yet been closed to a new veterans' organization. That is a matter for the veterans themselves. In the meantime, labor has found common ground with a leading veterans' organization.

J. DONALD KINGSLEY

This is the second of two articles. The first appeared in our issue of October 23. – THE EDITORS

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Washington Notes

Last Looks at the Candidates

I WATCHED the President give all of his big campaign speeches. I suppose I heard half of Dewey's radio talks. Here are things I remember:

Stumbling from our chilly Cadillac at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, running through pouring rain and sodden leaves to the park, discovering the President, in an open car, smiling, rain streaming from his glasses and wind whipping down the sleeve of his upraised right arm, addressing the crowd . . . then thinking about the wet, cold, smiling man up ahead as we continued the 50-mile ride; the vast crowd at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, the stadium holding 100,00 people—heads with no bodies—the strange, glaring, unnatural lights on the thick, green lake-front grass, the feeling of never having been so lonely as in that strange, vast human backdrop; the rollicking enjoyment of Roosevelt's teamsters' speech, after a good meal in the glitter and comfort of the Statler, the feeling that in virtuosity and delivery it was the best technical performance he ever put on; the dawning disappointment at Dewey's first radio speech at Philadelphia, hoping for a man worthy of the times and listening to the embittered prosecuting attorney's charge that the administration was plotting to keep boys in the army; the sonorous, cold perfection of the Dewey delivery night after night on the radio, running the gamut of emotion from A to B and possessing all a speaker should have except warmth, humor and fellow feeling; the smother of reporters round Joe Ball's Senate office desk, and the slow, half-hesitant, earnest replies as he staked his political future on the belief that the soldiers' hopes should be placed above party regularity. . . . Well, well, well! Quite an election, quite an election.

I have trouped with Roosevelt since '32. The newest gadget is the loudspeaker system inside the train, and the evolution of the work car for the press, with long shelves on the sides for typewriters, like lunch-counters, and the rear platform speech piped back on amplifiers, right into the car.

In contrast to the dislike of Dewey on his special train, the correspondents with Mr. Roosevelt generally favored him. Only 11 out of 40 polled by Don Pryor thought Dewey the better man; all but 2 (despite Gallup) bet Mr. Roosevelt's reëlection. I knew only one with a venomous hatred—a correspondent who was proceeding to Hyde Park on the off-chance that he could be the one to put that suave, final, fatal question to the defeated candidate, "And what, sir, are your future plans?" . . . Incidentally, most of the Dewey correspondents didn't think he could survive a defeat politically, that the GOP would bob up with an ex-general, or war hero, in 1948.

The campaign is over, or at least, it will be when the soldiers' votes are counted, and a good many editorial writers (who might have favored Mr. Roosevelt but for the business office) will comfort their egos by maintaining that at any rate Democracy has been Vindicated, the Great Republic has shown its Fundamental Strength, by holding a peaceful referendum in the midst of War. The old pap. What are the facts? In the midst of an agonizing struggle, the object of which is to win our second and perhaps final chance to work out a world order, we are forced by an inflexible constitution to take time out to fight an internal battle which only a minority of rabid Roosevelt-haters could have wanted at this particular time. This battle unleashed ugly and dirty partisanship, bound, in a close contest, to weaken either successful candidate.

To be frank about it, friends, from this Washington viewpoint, I take no rosy view of the affair. True, both candidates indorsed the world security organization, and here Mr. Dewey deserves credit. But latent isolationism clearly revealed itself and many GOP pledges of internationalism carried the half-threat that they were invalid if Dewey lost.

Another thing must be set down frankly. Neither candidate—and this specifically includes Mr. Roosevelt—met the full-employment issue squarely. Governor Dewey doesn't know the answer; President Roosevelt may know it, but is afraid to give it. The brutal fact is that the public is enjoying a war boom and won't be disturbed. Its preference for economic sleep-walking is parallel now on the home front to the time when Mr. Roosevelt gave his prewar "quarantine" speech and then backed away from it, because the public didn't want to hear the truth about foreign aggressors. Most modern economists agree that we must pass bold tax, social-security, fiscal, public-works, federal control and relief measures if we are to do what no free-economy nation has ever done hitherto—stabilize a boom. But Congress won't hear of it, no matter who's President. Governmental instrumentalities to handle a mixed economy (to take over, let us say, the $15 billion of government-owned war factories) have not yet been evolved in the United States, although they are the commonplace of Scandinavian and British democracies. America must seemingly have Depression No. 2 as she had World War 2, before she convinces herself that playing a trick doesn't solve problems—and gets sand in the eyes.

Once more this presidential campaign showed curious examples of the news black-out imposed by the overwhelmingly Republican press. Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Toledo, Cleveland—to name a few—had no Democratic newspapers. Lack of funds hampered the Democrats, many of their radio programs being cut short for financial reasons. Roosevelt made only eight major speeches, Dewey made three times that number, many expensively rebroadcast next day. Probably the 1940 ratio will be exceeded this year; then the GOP spent $15 million for Willkie and senatorial candidates, according to the Gillette Committee, the Democrats only $6 million.

Random Notes: The whole problem of meeting the needs of liberated areas is in process of evolution: UNRRA was set up to hand out bread, shoes or a new suit, but military authorities are now largely doing that, and what the areas really need are raw materials, cotton, hides, etc., to restart factories. These things are under the control of the Anglo-American Combined Boards (Combined Production and Resources Board, Combined Raw Materials Board);

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either they need wider scope, or a new agency must be created. . . . I notice Chicago Tribune anti-New Deal cartoons still include Mr. Justice Frankfurter in the loathed White House group; having created the "radical" myth, it can't face the fact that Frankfurter is one of the conservatives on the Supreme Court. . . . In the current Harper's, Bill Shirer tells how Nazis used the famous Bromfield-Reader's Digest "Won't Have Enough to Eat" article as prison-camp propaganda for captured Americans; the poor Yanks wouldn't believe it at first so the Germans printed it in facsimile. . . . Note for 1954: The mechanical cotton-picker, instrument of the postwar decade's biggest sociological revolution, that later sent millions of uprooted Negroes into Northern cities, was demonstrated before 1,800 visitors from five states at the Hopson Plantation, Clarksdale, Mississippi, November 2, 1944.

Washington T. R. B.

So Divine an Air

Embezzled Heaven, by L. Bush-Fekete and Mary Helen Fay, based on a novel by Franz Werfel. National Theatre, October 31, 1944.

THE THEATRE GUILD opens its season with Miss Ethel Barrymore and Mr. Albert Basserman. The vehicle for that distinguished and not unheavenly flourish on the Guild's part is a somewhat dimmish piece in the style, at a distance, of the Spanish Martínez Sierra, in whose "Kingdom of God" Miss Barrymore played, often with her own grandeur, the abbess a good many years ago.

The warmth and lyricism and true passion of soul that the Sierra play had, that Spanish verity of which Broadway is as incapable as Bronxville might be of the funeral procession of La Bella Simonetta and her fair shadow in Botticelli's "Birth of Venus," is as a matter of course lacking from this new effort on the Theatre Guild's mystical side. The true belief, the pain and fire, the white and black of spirit and body, are not readily amassed for the occasion, however snappy; they are such things as are old and wonderful, bright and dark and elusive, sober and patient, and sweet with wild wings that pass, that pass away. Not even the smartest of deep-art business producers, or elderly Shubert-Bluebird acolytes, or the best of press agents can always summon up such things. Eternity has its jokes as it were. Perhaps the cherubim are not happy in these brisk incubators.

I do not know the Werfel novel from which this play is taken. Very likely it is adept, but I have my doubts about its being profound. At the risk of being more personal than suits my preference, I may say that I have lived in a *convento* in Italy a good many months and more than once. I know something of what is implied in the themes of devotion, sacrifice and shrewdness that this play involves. It would be almost hitting below the belt to say that a very great deal of what inhabits such places is lacking in this play. It would be like saying that the Southerners in the usual New York version are without relation at all to the real thing. I could never bring myself to speak of this Guild effort in the light of the grandeur, unsalable rigor and pattern, the vast heavens of faith and prayer that underlie and support, the repetition and hidden release, the passion and song, the daily hunger and goodness of the Catholic element that the heroine here adduces. (I dedicate that sentence to Miss Ethel Barrymore and what she truly believes, as leaks though her work in this meandering play.)

The story of "Embezzled Heaven"—a New York title but a poor one as the play is written—tells of a cook who centers on a nephew to represent her in Paradise and thus prepare the way for her eternity of grace. The measly child brought to her by the sister-in-law turns out to be a greedy wretch on whose education she spends all the money she can lay her hands on. Eventually she discovers the deception and in the end finds herself on a pilgrimage to Rome. The Pope, after the right dramatic suspense when it is doubtful whether he will be able to give an audience or not, sees the pilgrims, and she tells him of her aim and sin, her soul's distress. The Pope departs; she dies with his blessing. As for this story, I maintain that only a Catholic could truly understand it. Meanwhile, it is as simple as the beating of the heart. And it is as difficult as the most abstruse anatomy.

The esthetic deduction from all the above discussion is that we cannot have a truly Catholic source, profoundly searched, for popular appeal along Broadway save only when the story is overwhelmingly right, in essence a true fable. By this I mean that her story discovered, the fable invented, is completely expressive of the idea—a large order.

"Embezzled Heaven" suffers as a whole, and no little, from underdevelopment in detail. The joy and rippling overtones by which the theatre art swings and goes forward, to our universal delight, is very often lacking nowadays in our plays and in their directing. "Embezzled Heaven" was directed by an admirable man of the theatre, Mr. B. Iden Payne; but there were not enough details and enough realized analysis to create characters with which he could work successfully, or at least to his own full bent. That is the same limitation that Miss Barrymore encountered in her first scenes. There was the cook at the castle to be played, and there were the dishes and pots and pans to supply the realistic mechanism, but the vivid intimacy was not at hand. She struggled with broad outlines, not so much false as undeveloped; and but for her own personal splendor, she might have remained quite dull as often as not. In the last act, the audience with the Pope, the confession of her sin, the exhaustion and death, she is beautiful and magnificent. In general, she possesses some grand, elusive quality that is not elsewhere on our stage.

The distinguished Continental actor, Mr. Albert Basserman, had the role of Pope Pius, the great saint of the First World War. It would have been hard to believe ahead of time that his scene could have been so right, so large, so sophisticated and so compelling. The greatest compliment I can pay Mr. Basserman is to say that, except for noting the necessary projection that is theatre, it would be as absurd to praise the goodness and mercy and the height of his scene as it would have been to judge that Pope. A new light thus shines in our theatre, a great light and a great technical completeness.

Mr. Eduard Franz gives an excellent performance of the rascally nephew of the cook, her betrayer through the years. Mr. Stewart Chaney's four settings are good; that for the Vatican Reception Hall is very good indeed.

STARK YOUNG

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The Art of Contrast

ROBERT MOTHERWELL'S paintings are being shown at the Art of This Century gallery in New York, and have a lot of talents in common with the gallery. They both are preponderantly interested in abstraction and surrealism; they go in for gay colors (Motherwell for the kind you are apt to see on expensive cosmetic containers—violet, rose, ochre, cadmium reds, watery emerald green), bizarre shapes; they both take great pleasure in exploring the possibilities of their materials (the gallery has discovered a record number of ways—about fifteen—to hang a picture, besides showing every kind of medium including bottles decorated with candle drippings, and Motherwell is exhibiting works here in six mediums, some of his best being *papier colles* which combine pasted papers and painting). Probably the most likable characteristic shared by them is their over-all good cheer, their lack of inhibition, and a valuable recklessness mixed with a good common sense about painting.

Motherwell tries to achieve designs of the greatest consequence by relating a number of disparities while leaving each its largest amount of individuality and giving each the biggest possible size it can have in the painting. He almost never repeats a color or shape exactly within one painting. Because of this insistence on the importance of the difference in each of his forms, he runs into what are practically jungles of difficulties in designing the painting—some of his designs look like those public playgrounds where four or five ball games are carried on at once. But because he has a good sense of construction and a fine craftsman's confidence, he can resolve, at his best, almost all of his difficulties. Each difficulty is solved, however, in its place but not always in the way that solves them all together; none of his paintings in this exhibit, therefore, is a powerful unity. But he is too good an artist ever to fail of some structural meaning, no matter how slight, and invariably in each painting there is much sensual beauty.

The advantages of an attack that tries to reconcile highly contrasting ideas to one another while accepting the fact that certain of their elements are unrelatable, lie, I think, in the wealth of unexpected relationships that can be turned up. I think it has been true of Western art that it has felt a necessity to be far too harmonious, which has a tendency to kill the life in individual forms by subjecting them to the domination of the harmonizing idea. The obvious pitfall in pursuing contrasts is that the artist is apt to become over-liberal in his acceptance of discord to the point where his picture is compromised by its conflicting statements. Therefore I think the best work here is the result of what seems Motherwell's greatest effort to tie the picture unequivocally together. The painting [Untitled] (Mexico), 1943, is one of the most spectacular I have ever seen. It has a rectangle, amazingly packed with exotic figures, that sits in the comparatively restrained surroundings of the rest of the canvas: it works as a painting within a painting. The invention is extraordinary, the tone one of luxurious sensuality, and the structure demands each of its effects. It has the inevitable obstacles found in all Motherwell's work, which are resolved, but just barely: the immense, almost cloying, white rectangle that sits down and to the side of the big central rectangle, projects oddly about an inch in front of the picture surface, probably to offset the hole-in-the-wall quality of the big one; another large form which pokes itself into the central rectangle looks and has the feeling of a loaf of bread; one of the ugliest warts I have ever seen on a canvas is used alongside the white area to anchor it.

There are a number of qualities that should be mentioned in Motherwell's work as a whole. A nobility of craftsmanship is evident in the crisp, sure manner of brushing on paint, in the brashness of the statements which lack worry, meanness or deadness, and in the willingness to show everything he has done, whether it is good, bad or indifferent, or even only a sketch. Motherwell is a young artist (29) and has been a painter since 1938, but his 48 pictures exhibited here—painted for the most part within the last two years—are very exciting pictures and show him to be a robust, improving, serious painter, and a good one.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

THE WPA—a device of the New Deal to keep 10 to 12 million persons out of legitimate jobs. (There are votes in the job-dole.)

SENATOR WAGNER—advance agent for socialism, inveterate foe of the veteran.

FOREIGN POLICY—ask Joseph Stalin. Only he knows.—*From an editorial, "The New Deal: 1933-1944," in The New York Daily Mirror.*

LEWIS, SILENT
ON PRESIDENCY,
BACKS DEWEY

—*Headline in The New York Daily News.*

At a rehearsal for WGN's fashion show, The Tribune's Robert R. McCormick dropped by to have a look; and promptly censored the word "decolletage" from the script saying he'd never heard of it, and besides it sounded "too foreign."—*Dale Harrison in The Chicago Sun.*

Beast in View, by Muriel Rukeyser (Doubleday, Doran)—Accomplished verse marred by political and social subject matter.

The Compass Eye, by Harold Vinal (Comet)—A volume of good academic verse on an ordinary range of subjects, including the war.—*Checklist items, in their entirety, in the Sunday book-review page of The Washington Star.*

Next Week: "East Lynne"

TOMORROW—Is Hillman using the Reds? Are the Reds using Hillman? Are both using the New Deal—or vice versa?—*From The New York Daily Mirror.*

That All-Out Effort

The manifold utilitarian possibilities of surplus war goods was indicated yesterday by William G. Lehman, of the office of surplus property of the Treasury Department, who said that 25,000 pairs of officers' spurs had been sold to the "Heigh-Ho! Silver radio program," presumably for distribution to admirers of the Lone Ranger. . . .—*From The New York Herald Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Cocteau and the Collaborators

SIR: In his introduction to his translation of Gide's "Imaginary Interviews" [the introduction was published in The New Republic of June 5], Malcolm Cowley lists Jean Cocteau as a collaborator.

I recently read a letter by Lincoln Kirstein from Paris in which he says that Cocteau had behaved very well. At one point, for refusing to salute the swastika, he was very severely beaten. He wrote an introduction to a catalogue for some lousy Nazi sculptor in order to help someone get out of France, an artist who is now in New York. It's true about the others Mr. Cowley mentions—but not Cocteau, thank goodness.

New York City JOHN MYERS

[My short list of French writers who had been collaborators was carefully compiled according to the best information from underground sources that was available last May, three months before the liberation of Paris. Since then it has been learned that several French writers and artists (though none of the others on my list, as Mr. Myers says) had acted much better than anybody believed. If Lincoln Kirstein's information is confirmed—and I hope and trust it will be—I shall owe M. Cocteau a deep apology. – MC.]

Is Hollywood Dying?

SIR: I have just been to see my first film after a year and a half abroad; I went to see it without high hopes or any special sense of ceremony. It was called "The Conspirators," and was, ostensibly, "based on" a book I have written. I was not, of course, idiotic enough to imagine that anything in the book had been left intact, or naïve enough to suppose that any effort had been made to capture, even faintly, the spirit or the thought of the book. I sat down in my seat in a mood of complete detachment, ready to be amused, vaguely hoping to be entertained. All I felt when I rose to go was weariness, intense boredom and a certain amazement. Weariness and boredom, after the preposterous rubbish I had been observing; amazement at the mentality which can concoct such nonsense with a straight face; amazement also at the mentality which is willing to pay to see such tedious stuff. The fact that my name happened to be attached to this product did not, I trust, disturb my objectivity; I feel, certainly, no personal annoyance. I did feel, perhaps, from time to time, a certain curiosity regarding the means by which all chances for consecutive atmosphere, suspense, characterization, feeling, verisimilitude, etc., were so consummately avoided. After all, I had lived in Lisbon; I hadn't imagined that the quality of that city could be so widely misrepresented, could be turned into such excruciating silliness. I kept smiling when I thought of the bewilderment the Portuguese will feel when that film finally reaches them. (If it ever does.)

But what amazed me more was this: that responsible and experienced (I suppose) producers could, after spending so much obvious money, ruin a film so utterly by deliberately violating the most elementary rules of construction, of common sense, of human significance, of narrative continuity, of sound acting, of good photography, of plausible *mise-en-scène*. I racked my brains to think of a single respect in which this film had revealed dexterity; I could think of almost none—one or two of Hedy Lamarr's costumes perhaps (most of them were ludicrous, of course); and the presence of a nice Rolls-Royce. Frankly, I don't see how any reasonable human being, whose senses have not been hopelessly corrupted by the continuous opium of Hollywood, can watch this film without feeling its quality of insult. I suppose there are plenty of others just as bad; I just happened to see this one. And it has led me to speculate on the whole direction in which Hollywood is moving. It reveals all the symptoms of an art which has become formalized out of all human recognition; crystallized, thoroughly corrupt, and dying. Those utterly meaningless faces, which succeed in evading all trace of human feeling or intelligence; those routine scenes in restaurants, in expensive motor cars, in foggy underbrush, etc., which are becoming as stylized as the scenes in the decaying Roman, or Elizabethan, or Restoration drama; those baroque absurdities of plot which expert photography only renders more insane. Frankly, the whole thing has a surrealist quality. How will it look in thirty years? Much sillier, I am sure, and much emptier and more vulgar than Theda Bara would look to us nowadays. I am no judge, but on the evidence of this film I should imagine that Hollywood is truly moribund, and that the hope for future films lies in France, or Russia, or Zanzibar; certainly no longer in that Californian city of dreams.

New York City FREDERIC PROKOSCH

Politeness in New York

SIR: "Westerner" [The New Republic, November 6] complains about the lack of politeness in New York and asks if something is wrong with this city. As a Bostonian who has resided three years in New York, I can only echo his plaint, admit I have found no answer to his question.

New York public servants *are* rude, but one develops a protective callous to them in time. New York waiters are preposterous; one ends by dining in cafeterias, except when it is necessary to make an impression on visiting firemen. In cafeterias, too, rudeness is encountered, but you do not mind it nearly so much as in places where theoretically they should know better. . . .

New York City J. B. ROBINSON

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The National Sharecroppers' Fund, Inc., 8 West Fortieth Street, New York City 17, has drafted a program, called "A Magna Charta for Southern Agriculture," as a basis for thought and action on the sharecropping problem after the war. The proposal provides that each returning serviceman shall have access to government aid in obtaining ownership of a farm, the size to be determined by the ability of the land allotted to support a family. The Sharecroppers' Fund believes such a proposal gives a wider perspective than the GI Bill of Rights in dealing not only with the immediate issue of demobilization, but with the permanent economic well-being of America.

Charles L. Oswald of Keuka Park, New Jersey, calls our attention to a recent incident in St. Louis, where seven local hospitals refused admittance to an emergency maternity case, the wife of a sailor. The woman gave birth to twins in the office of a St. Louis doctor, who, according to a United Press story, claimed the hospitals feared to take the case because if they admitted servicemen's wives attended by other than staff physicians, and accepted the $50 federal maternity allotment, they would be allowing an entering wedge for socialized medicine.

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Books in Review

Past, Present and Future

LEONID LEONOV's "Road to the Ocean"[1] is a long (250,000 words), prewar (it was published in the Soviet Union in 1936, a fact which the American publishers should have revealed), conventional novel (although it contains futuristic projections which suggest an Auden-Isherwood world, with Wellsian plumbing, of baroque frontiers, impossible encounters and lucid nightmares—"We recall a cartoon from The Birmingham Maritime Worker, representing the discomfort of a proprietor whose apartment was invaded by two million visitors with guns"). It is, to my limited knowledge, one of the best Soviet books that have been translated into English.

The ocean is specifically the Pacific, the farthest limit of the railroad of which Alexei Kurilov is an important functionary; by extension it is *Ocean*, the socialist world of the future which Kurilov and his friends, including Leonov himself, compound from their childhood remembrances and the internationalist Marxist doctrine of the mid-thirties, much as Auden and his friends at about the same time composed a fantastic country peopled with the reveries of the English nursery and the public-school-university world, operating along Marxist laws that had been screened through their inimitable gaga.

It is not an easy book to read, although the departures from simple chronology and the customary fictional framework are infrequent and not difficult to follow. But along with a proliferation of minor characters and secondary plots, as characteristic of Soviet fiction as of its Tsarist precursors, are constant shifts of emotional focus and editorial intrusions, so that as one is finally about to embrace an apparently sympathetically conceived character, the thorns of irony rise in warning. "The new morality was still partly based on the vague norms of the individual conscience." . . . "Later the causes of his treachery and double-dealing were found in the social position of his ancestors." And when Leonov writes of a suspect party member called up before a "cleansing" committee: "Apparently this man refused to boast of his poor childhood. . . . Enviable courage was required to indulge in such a risky enterprise before this audience especially sensitive to the description of poverty," we are probably justified in assuming that the Russian novel is being used, as it has been used before, as an instrument of oblique social criticism.

Throughout, however, the portrayal of Soviet life is so direct and uncompromising that it is hardly likely that Leonov had to resort to the methods of Turgenev, say, to evade the censorship. Fanaticism, treason, waste, filth, poverty, drunkenness and boredom are set down as elements of the new society. Indeed, the most imaginative criticism Leonov makes is in the vast amount of space and analysis he devotes to an assortment of characters who are hangovers from the pre-revolutionary era, although Kurilov, the aging Bolshevik, who is at once human and heroic, and his protégé, Peresypkin, a reconstructed "wild boy of the road"—stock characters here presented with imagination and dimension—are ostensibly the protagonists.

Leonov moves backward as well as forward in time, although most of the action takes place during the period of the first Five Year Plan in the early thirties. There are rich improvisations of Russian life and history: the early stages of railroading which have fascinating parallels with the America of Jay Gould and the Union Pacific, provincial theatrical companies before and after the revolution, sketches of the revolution and the civil war, the marginal lives of aristocrats and "bystanders," sustained by memory and cunning, the transformation of a primitive Tartar boy into a socialist engineer, and the prevision of a world in which

> thirty-six million armed people, killing one another simultaneously, cannot be an object of enthusiasm for the historian or poet. . . . Here, man's natural state had at last been attained—he was free, he was not exploited and he rejoiced in the work of hand and brain. But although everything was within reach—bread, work and fate itself—we often saw people with careworn faces. We understood that sadness dwelt among them, and that they, too, knew tragedy, though of a kind more worthy of man's dignity.

But as the figure of its hero, Kyo Gisors, dominates our memory of Malraux's "Man's Fate," one of the few other revolutionary novels worthy of comparison with "Road to the Ocean," so Kurilov, in his work, his friendships, in love, in his torturing illness and death, rules and justifies this book. Leonov's achievement lies in the fact that he has given us a character of whom he can write "he was like a bridge, and people passed over him into the future," who as such is symbolically valid without turning into a plaster lay saint. Kurilov is realized as a technical worker, a political animal, a husband and widower, and in one instance as a somewhat foolish would-be lover of an adoring subordinate. And, in a brief respite before his death, through a relationship with an unsuccessful young actress, he is to know the sour-sweet ambivalence of a passion that comes too late to each of them.

In a pleasant satirization of a Soviet play Leonov writes:

> The cobbler's fate was obvious, too, because in those days plays with ambiguous solutions rarely reached the stage. Marina noted a phrase from the text: the people lives by its stomach, the hero by his heart and the leader by his reason, and she felt relieved at not having to explain the social tendency of work to anyone.

Which, crudely, is the kind of work that Leonov has not written in this full and engrossing novel.

GEORGE MAYBERRY

[1] Road to the Ocean, by Leonid Leonov. Translated by Norbert Guterman. New York: L. B. Fischer, 510 pages. $3.

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Rome and Spain

Caesar and Christ, by Will Durant. New York: Simon and Schuster. 751 pages. $5.
The Civilization of Spain, by J. B. Trend. New York: The Oxford University Press. 223 pages. $1.25.

IT WOULD BE EASY to repeat what certain monkish academics say about Mr. Durant's books, and it would be easy to sustain a part of it. Mr. Durant does not give the impression of mastery of the original sources, but rather builds upon secondary writings and the literary records. But common sense argues that for the purposes of popularization, good or bad, there is no need to push a way through Mommsen's huge corpus of inscriptions. Then, it has been said, Mr. Durant has a fondness for those authorities who themselves entertain rash hypotheses. The accusation, in this case certainly untrue, is usually made by those anchorites of the professional desert who feel safer with the erudite, accurate and old-fashioned de Sanctis than with the lively Ferrero.

That there are powerful arguments against popularization can be admitted. To a large extent, however, the same arguments can be advanced against sustained narrative history also, and yet nothing is more important in this epoch than to restore the lost dignity and dwindled human values of historical writings, which can only be done by men willing to match themselves against such as Mommsen, Michelet and Gibbon. For my part I will look kindly upon the fervor of historical Lollardy, if only because it may hasten the appearance of, shall I say, an historical Hooker or an Authorized Version. And there is nowadays huge authority with the man who resents the dominant mood in historical work. It is agreed that the greatest effort in the field of speculative history in this century is Toynbee's "Study." It is apposite that Toynbee opens his immense work with a discussion based on the instance of Mommsen, who, having produced the first of his two masterpieces before middle age, grew almost ashamed of the magnificent indiscretion and for a long time became a digger after historical pottery. The tempers induced by the industrial system and nationalism have humbled the purposes of historical discipline, or rather have given it a new arrogance. The idea of the division of labor and a mechanical conception of the nature of fact have combined to produce an enormous number of swollen monographs upon themes of constantly dwindling size. We are, as it were, in the Rougon-Macquart phase, except that our miniature Zolas of history abhor anything so positive as a temperament. It has been left to H. G. Wells, of whom Toynbee speaks respectfully, to do for universal history what the professionals have feared to do for their shrunken parishes.

But granted the plea for both narrative history and popularization, there still remains a case against Mr. Durant's series. He is too voluble, his style is impure, he chokes his facts with unimportant comment, occasionally he is too dramatic, while at other times he is not even aware of the murmuring depths upon his right and his left hand. Candor admits this, and at once adds that this volume, while it labors hard with the unavoidable difficulties of the synthetic method, is much less vulnerable than others. The book is vulnerable in this, however, that the structure of Roman history is too often obscured beneath the accumulation of facts. Again, Mr. Durant often seems satisfied to state consecutively the alternative views as to the causes of this or that process, *e.g.*, the Fall. In this case, he says, it was due to a complex of causes, and he thereupon rehearses an eclectic selection among the fifteen or sixteen proposed "causes," without conviction or any sense of finality. Three of Toynbee's six volumes are listed in his bibliography, but their reading does not seem to have helped him greatly. Indeed, the main criticism that this reader has to make of Mr. Durant's book is that he has no hard-core, integral conception of civilization, which Toynbee should have compelled him to reach. As I read, I was constantly filled with a vague sense of insecurity, which was due to this inner emptiness, rather than to small slips in Latin (such as the mistake in the refrain of the Pervigilium Veneris), or to the profusion of slack comment about matters that cry for precision, sternness and urgency. Mr. Durant's illustrative method is perfectly defensible, of course. The normal man does not read history in order to accumulate denatured facts. Nor does he do so to provide himself with entertaining parallels and analogies. (Mr. Durant, I hasten to add, is little prone to this vice.) For my part, I read history to sustain myself in the violent confusions of these years and to satisfy the nostalgia for past time. I imagine others have similar reasons, the second of which justifies a certain pictorialism. Mr. Durant, however, frequently surfeited me with beribboned softness. I would give all his picturesqueness for one sardonic phrase of old Tertullian or one biting judgment of Gibbon (whose erroneous central conception at least gave a majestic unity to the "Decline and Fall").

A book of a very different kind is J. B. Trend's marvelous introduction to the "Civilization of Spain." It is notable that the two best books of this sort in recent years, "The Heritage of Spain," by an American scholar, Professor Nicholson Adams, and now Professor Trend's little volume, are products of liberal men, not merely republican in sympathy but enduring supporters of the Loyalist cause.

The Spanish student will hardly know what to praise most about Mr. Trend's concentrated essay. That its author is master of his theme needs no saying. The lucidity, the unobstructed, almost colloquial, ease of his style permits the effortless carrying of a great quantity of fact. Nothing is more delightful than this: a paragraph, once read, nine times out of ten will repay thought, when its statements will of themselves expand and reveal fresh meanings. Take, for example, this passage on anarchism, from Mr. Trend's frank survey of contemporary Spain:

> It was the Arcadian creed of a people which, through centuries of misrule, had lost all faith in governments. The State was the root of all evil; the natural perfection of man was expressed in local units—the village, the factory, or even the battalion—making their own decisions by acclamation, on a system of "organized indiscipline" which rejected the iniquity of centralized or external control. The effects of this doctrine on the battlefields were unsatisfactory, but it reveals the primitive and abiding faith of the Spanish people in the only political institution which they had been allowed to create for themselves: the Iberian city council, driven back, since the decay of medieval municipal liberties, into the remote villages of the south.

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That is not the whole of the truth about anarchism, but what a substantial and rounded content is here, and what hints of historical and spiritual connection. This is the way to write an introduction! So, too, the proportions of the book are just. The refreshment it draws from special fields, in particular Mr. Trend's chosen one of music, is liberal. If there is a weakness, it is the scantness of reference to the economic structure of Spanish living. But, after all, there is no solid economic history of Spain, in any language, to which the non-specialist may refer himself with confidence. Besides, the economic pluralism of Spain offers almost insoluble problems of description. The bibliography alone is worth the price of the book; though the reader of Spanish should also be directed to the two volumes that have so far appeared of Salazar's Música en la Sociedad Europa," a work rich in Spanish reference.

RALPH BATES

Amor, Amor, Amor

For Love Alone, by Christina Stead. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 491 pages. $3.
The Love Letters, by Chris Massie. New York: Random House. 289 pages. $2.50.
Night Unto Night, by Philip Wylie. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc. 372 pages. $2.75.

CHRISTINA STEAD, author of "The Salzburg Tales" and "The Man Who Loved Children," has been praised for her vocabulary, whatever that means. Her mastery of language is certainly that of a poet, but her mastery of form is equally great—so great that it menaces the reader constantly with new satiric devices. It is entirely possible, for example, that the troublesome ending of the present novel, or prose-poem, is not what it appears: that is, unintentionally thin, didactic and somewhat dishonest, casting a dubious backward light over the whole. Like Joyce, Miss Stead may have been fitting style to content, in this case a Bloomsbury background for a rather glib character named Jimmy Quick.

This uncertainty is not intended as irony, but as a compliment, for Miss Stead has everywhere blended her manner and material in a most original way. Like a late-romantic symphonist, she uses variations of a single theme, the "sorrows of women" attending on the passionate quest for love. Miss Stead speaks of seven stages in this quest, but to me there seem three movements, each in a different style and tonality. The first concern a young girl's dreaming in the suburbs of Australia: imagery, symbolism and event are flesh-colored, fecund and joyfully obscene. In a wonderful scene of widows and virgins at a wedding, vivid and vulgar as Breughel, even the naturalistic dialogue is used for its tumbling, rich symbolism.

To Teresa, suffering under the star of her austere ambitions, such fertility is forbidden by the genteel alternatives of poverty: spinsterhood or death-in-marriage. Escaping, she loses her way in a dark valley filled with images of debility and madness; obscenity has become impotent. This scene closes the first section and announces the entrance of Jonathan Crow, an aspiring hack who gives lectures on free love. In order to follow him to England, Teresa spends three withering years hoarding shillings,

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mortifying flesh and spirit, in an excruciating effort to reach his level of morality. Jonathan, with his intellectualized purity and bestiality, incapable of love, is an extraordinary portrait.

But the focus shifts in section three: seen through the eyes of James Quick, Teresa's first lover, Jonathan loses the dimension provided by sympathy and becomes a flat villain, banished from the society of equally two-dimensional heroes and heroines. The book recedes from intensity of expression to plain didacticism and the avoidance, apparently, of several pressing artistic problems. Teresa's goal, her "freedom," is presented as a feminine ideal of polygamy—marriage plus lovers; the lovers seem like puppets manipulated by a generous Teresa. But as I say, there are several indications of irony here: the viewpoint is now Quick's. He is the antithesis of Jonathan and something of a benevolent despot in love; he is a jealous mate even at his most liberal, when he offers to share Teresa with another man. There is the suggestion that women, advancing from economic slavery, through the sterility of "free love," are now seeking power through an idealized form of sexual domination. And equally, that men are now subtly forcing them to play the role of courtesan rather than wife. Even on this level Miss Stead shows a remarkable insight into the specific nature of women; if in the end she seems to evade the mysteries of human relations by having recourse to an Eternal Mystery of Man (something "we can get along neither with nor without"), even this is an interesting change from tradition. Nevertheless, I am troubled by a conviction that women will be fascinated and men irritated by this book, which does indeed suggest a strongly feminist limitation somewhere in its purpose or execution.

On a lower level, Chris Massie's "The Love Letters" has the same difficulty in a positive and acute form. If the test of a novel is in the solutions of its final quarter, this one never gets past the half. Part I is a quietly honest account of an English soldier returning after the last war, to find that he can endure no human society save that of a childlike, half-mad woman with a coveted amnesia for the past. At this point a publisher, or Massie's publishing conscience, must have inquired, "What happens next? You can't leave it here." And so a distressing honeymoon was added, which you will soon be seeing at your local movie theatre: Paramount has bought the book, first half and all.

To make the anticlimax complete, we have a note here for disciples of Philip Wylie. Those who read "Generation of Vipers" may ignore the present study, being already familiar with this typewriter prophet's views on sex, advertising, Dear Mom and organized religion. "I have written this book as a novel," explains Mr. Wylie, "rather than as a sermon." He is right, in the sense that he has put the now familiar patter into the mouths of two or three old Red Book characters which he apparently found in one of his lower desk drawers. Augmenting the plot are several original contributions to scientific theory; these are printed in a different type-face so that "they may be skipped by all who are allergic to themes and concerned with surfaces alone." There are also three psychiatrists and a bio-chemist who converse in the tones of popular horror fiction: "'You are brilliant tonight, Poole. How-

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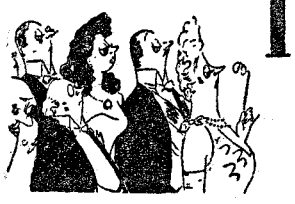

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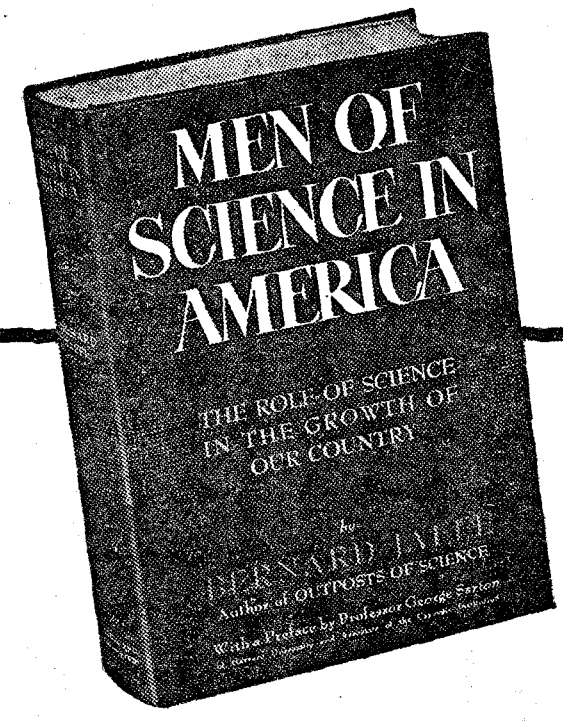
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ever, these eccentric speculations—'." Mr. Wylie's typewriter, too, seems to be running amok in the true Frankenstein-monster fashion and is now producing such disembodied lyricisms as "this titian and virtueless virtuoso of lucubricious larceny." There is a murky strain of mysticism running through this horror, which reminds us uncomfortably that Mr. Wylie is America's Aldous Huxley. The difference is one of erudition rather than intellect: Mr. Wylie is a corrupt but talented natural philosopher. We find in both the same puritan fight against sexual indulgence, transformed into a fight against sexual hypocrisy; the same obscenity of fleshless ideals paraded as religion.

MARJORIE FARBER

O Happy Guilt!

Plea for Liberty, by Georges Bernanos. Translated from the French by Harry Lorin Binsse. New York: Pantheon Books. 300 pages. $3.

A FIERCELY HONEST MAN and a Catholic with independent if traditionalist leanings, a writer who scandalized orthodox Europe by his scathing attacks on Franco ("Les Grands Cimetières Sous la Lune"), Georges Bernanos fled to Brazil in his disgust with France's role at Munich; he remained in exile to defend France after her defeat in a series of "letters" to the outside world that make up one of the most archaic and scrupulously honest affirmations of a personal faith offered by a contemporary exile. But as an essay in politics, this monotonously passionate lament over the betrayal of France by Bernanos' reactionary opponents in the Church is perhaps best defined in his admission (an admission to me, but to his Catholic spirit a sign of promise) that "the great business of my life has been not to see but to believe."

For all Bernanos' unwearied personal nobility and the courage of his attack on the French reactionaries, this is a hollow book and a long way round to orthodoxy. While its salient moral perceptions and insistence on individual responsibility have at least been earned, and are richly documented, in independent Left thought, it is so finally moralistic and self-defeating in its Catholic and literary ardors as to render all the more utopian that elementary political control which seems remote enough now. Bernanos is not, of course, one of those worldly Catholic lay chaplains, on the style of Belloc in one period and now Graham Greene in another, whose superiority to contemporary materialism always seems a more subtle and arrogant expression of it—one of those whom Flaubert foretold, in his vision of our day, when he wrote George Sand of "the ferocity of men, the stupidity of the era," and people who would be "utilitarian, military, American and Catholic! Very Catholic! You will see!" Bernanos, though he will probably never break with the Church, is a people's friar more in the tradition of Lamennais; he is one of those radically dedicated and excessively feeling Catholics whose quarrel with the Church may be parallel to the modern man's quarrel with himself, but who can never, like the most searching apostate, rise above the church to the final dispute with God.

What is most strongly felt in Bernanos' provincial letters, and gives them their thunderous but baffled character, is the strength of his personal indignation that such things should

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be—that the English should pity, despise or forget their former allies; that the French materialist Left should not question its past more than it does; that M. Maurras should speak for traditionalist France and M. Maurois be taken for a representative French writer. Like all feeling apostles, he has the incidental wit which comes not from dispassion or a precise undervaluation, but as an explosion of long charged exasperation, and he is right in spirit if solemnly vague in fact when he complains "that the world as a whole knew nothing about us because it got its information from men of letters, and the men of letters played in our society the same role as the valets and lady's maids of classical comedy; they lived off the vices of their masters." But of what is he thinking here except the gratuitous liaison duties of Maurois? And why must he defend the whole French tradition as if it had perished, as an idea, in 1940?

Like all Catholics who think that a simple nationalism is elevated or absorbed by their dream of a new medieval synthesis, Bernanos imposes the weight of a historical emotion on what may be, after all, a very commonplace love of country. Nationalism today has elastic and often contradictory meanings: its value to men *qua* men depends on the strategic urgency of particular claims to national *independence*, and a perception in each case of basic human ties. The defense of his country by a French religious writer in exile may have a more transcendent value to a future federated Europe than Churchill's Great Cham chauvinism, or Ilya Ehrenburg's revelation (necessary as his original complaint was against the indifference to the terrible pillage of Russia) that the cultural value of Nizhni-Novgorod is greater than that of Florence, Pisa, Paris, etc. A minor voice in a country relegated by the powers to the status of a minor state, the force of Bernanos' nationalism is all the more visionary as its recoil has been all the more unjustified. But his vision is of the fleur-de-lis and of Joan, of the *true* Christian elite which Franco, Maurras, the Jesuits, have brutally parodied. Bernanos is not subtle enough to be an apologist and too honest to be merely faithful; but he really believes in that medieval dream which Henry Adams only imagined.

O Felix Culpa, Augustine cried; O happy guilt, through the fall of man, that made the redemption of man necessary! So Bernanos weeps over the sins of modern France, yet with that incorrigible sense of drama possible only to believers who see history as a descent rather than as a process, arraigns that sin in others which can furnish a rationale for himself. "We must be born guilty," said Pascal, "or God would be unjust." So France must be in error, or she would not suffer; and as the gigantic error is the reversal of God, so the suffering is all the more meaningful as France's religious leadership was once all the more exemplary. This is where national faith joins hands with medievalism, and where both are welded by the glow of the Sun-King from the altar. His attack on modern churchmen does not arise from a perception of social development, but on a cry for the vanished past.

The best of Bernanos is in his closeness to the people, in the depth of his human associations; but like so many *religieux* today who are concerned with the social question, he is as remote from the crucial problems of power as he is unflinching and exact on our growing dehumanization. The moralist today, who as casually sees ends in his means

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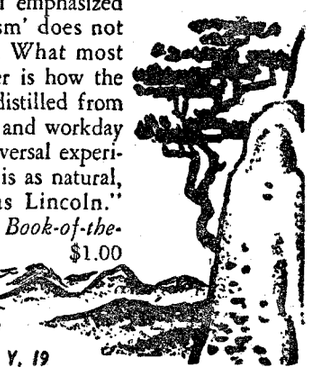

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as the naïve collectivist ignores the practical relation of means to ends, is still an artist only in definition; at best he has prophetic character, but his essential message is to lament, "Would all the Lord's *people* were prophets." Bernanos is one of the best of men, but he still reminds me more of Emerson than of Kropotkin. Surely it is not the moral-individualist lesson alone, any more than it is the now sickened materialist faith in social forces alone, that can help us at this stage. A revolutionary tradition warns us that unless we reëstablish society on communal and equalitarian foundations, we shall perhaps never see that necessary change in human relations toward which all modern life compels us. The moralist warns us that unless we "*are* good, we shall never *do* good." But the socialist forgets that it is somehow only men who wither away, not the state, and that if the diminution of moral force continues at its present destructive pace, there may be few existing ideals to convert society towards; the moralist forgets, or is usually in no position to learn, that there is just so much free will possible today in elementary social matters as there is individual control over modern society. Silone's Pietro Spina is less a hero to this age than Churchill, Joyce's Dedalus or the intrepid but blank pilot; yet the lesson always comes back to us of men who sought wholeness precisely because the whole of a man's life is not in himself or in society, but in his living relation to all people. Somewhere, in this terrible struggle of impersonal forces which threatens first our ability and then our desire to be persons, we must learn that fold on fold, the relation of man to society is as the relation of his body to his spirit, precisely as we have learned, in a totalitarian age, that we suffer together what we ruin alone, and that we must learn for ourselves what we expect of history. But guilt does not come into this, and certainly not innocence; only realism, fraternity and imagination.

ALFRED KAZIN

The City of Peter and Lenin

Leningrad, by Alexander Werth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 189 pages. $2.50.

IT IS A RARE THING to read a book about the siege of a great and classical city and to find upon finishing it that the city, as a city, together with the author writing of it, have receded into the shadows, leaving in their places a picture of the unconquerable spirit of free men. Werth flew into Leningrad in September, 1943, after it had been under siege more than two years, and remained five days. In February of the present year, after the Nazis were on the run before the armed forces and civilians of Leningrad, he returned with a group of correspondents. His position was unusual because he had been born in Leningrad when it was called St. Petersburg, and had lived there for the first sixteen years of his life. His father, a Russian, and his British mother appear to have fled with him to England during the Revolution, and this fact, combined with his childhood memories, perhaps accounts for the undercurrent of love and humility that flows through the book.

The story he tells of the Gethsemane of his native city is both appalling and inspiring, and one's constant thought while reading it is what an American city of equal size, say

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Chicago, might do under similar circumstances. In the first desperate winter of 1941-42, the Nazis and Finns threw an unbroken steel ring about it. Their planes destroyed heating and water systems and food stores, so that for months the civilian population worked and lived on nothing but 125 grams of bread a day while the Red Army fought on 350 grams. The soldiers were forbidden to share their inadequate supplies with civilians, and the civilians refused any offers.

As the Nazi armies first approached Leningrad, the city organized nine full divisions of workers, taken directly from their jobs. These divisions, together with the Red Army and the sailors and marines of the Baltic fleet, fought desperate rearguard actions on the plains to the east—and few of the workers' divisions survived. Women and girls took their places in the factories; 65 percent of the workers in the Kirov munitions plant were women, mainly young girls. The plant was under constant bombardment from Nazi fortifications two miles away. While the armed troops fought in the approaches to Leningrad, 400,000 women, girls and children built the gigantic network of fortifications around the city. The Red Army finally cracked the Nazi blockade in the Lake Ladoga sector in the spring of 1942, and built a railway across its frozen waters to transport food to the starving city.

Werth has told his story by facts, statistics, dates, interspersed with talks with soldiers, teachers, writers, librarians, factory workers, children, architects, hotel maids and officials. Some people talked quietly, others with cold, level voices filled with unmitigated hatred. Werth once questioned a roomful of thirteen-year-old boys, asking one where he thought the Germans would retreat to, since, at the time, Smolensk had fallen. The boy replied: "They will retreat all the way to hell!"

This hatred on the part of its children was typical of all of Leningrad. No one cowered before the Nazis. Skilled workers who had previously been evacuated to the new munitions plants in the Urals kept asking to be permitted to return to the Kirov munitions works. Blue-eyed Ukrainian and Siberian soldiers who had fought throughout the siege had become proud Leningraders. Out of this spirit arose songs of liberation. Shostakovitch attempted to capture this spirit in his Seventh Symphony, written during the siege. Because of the paper shortage, only 10,000 copies of Vera Inber's poem, "Pulkovo Meridian," also written under the siege, were published. These were sold out in two days, after which the "black market" price for a copy ranged between 400 and 500 grams of bread.

Leningrad, Werth writes, has a peculiar share in Russia's glory, but also a human greatness peculiarly its own. Many of its citizens told him, with a touch of regret and apology, that the city might be liberated by a Red Army driving to the Baltic from Nevel and Vitebsk. There is great poetic justice in the fact that the city was finally liberated by the troops of the Leningrad front.

With the possible exception of Sevastopol, Werth believes that Leningrad soldiers and civilians were more completely united in their struggle and common fate than in any other place. Considering Moscow and Stalingrad, and the thousands of towns and villages whose people burned their homes and took to the forests as partisans, it might be said rather that Leningrad became the embodied spirit of the Soviet people.

AGNES SMEDLEY

A Reader's List

HOW TO TELL PROGRESS FROM REACTION, by Manya Gordon (Dutton, $3). Miss Gordon makes a determined effort to discover whether "government ownership is an indispensable feature of industrial democracy." Her conclusion, after a sprightly Cook's Tour through Utopian philosophies, government enterprises such as the TVA and the Post Office, coöperatives, the Soviet economy and the British and Swedish socialization movements, is a decidedly negative one. Plato, More and Robert Owen, Miss Gordon says, failed to acknowledge the primacy of the human spirit; they would enforce a uniform behavior pattern which spelled totalitarianism. Russian collectivism is unacceptable too, because it creates a state in which individuals are mere gears and cogs. The author suggests that

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the coöperative commonwealth may be attained without dictatorial overtones by adopting the socialization methods of Britain and Sweden. Her book is a provocative one and its arguments are supported by some shrewd and incisive analyses. Its essential point, that labor's rights must be safeguarded even in a socialist society, is well taken.

REVOLT IN PARADISE, by Alexander MacDonald (Stephen Daye, $3). Despite its title and popular style, this is not a frivolous book. Mr. MacDonald is dealing with a serious matter—the rise and subsequent decline of economic and social dictatorship by big-business interests in Hawaii. He traces the growth of Hawaiian oligarchy from 1820, when the first missionaries preceded American business men to the island, to December 7, 1941, when the Big Five—the giant combine of sugar companies which had exercised virtually feudal control over the "tourist's paradise"—was forced to abdicate to the army and navy in the interests of security. In his exposé of the sugar barons' tyranny, Mr. MacDonald centers on their oppression of organized labor and their hostility to the military authorities who tried, however ineffectively, to prepare Hawaii for Pearl Harbor. He also deals generously and thoughtfully with the island's prewar Japanese problem. In the author's view, the war means a real revolution in Hawaii, the end of big-business control and hope for a genuinely democratic future.

IS IT ANYONE WE KNOW? by George Price (Murray Hill Books, $2.49). In regard to the drawings of George Price, there are only two classes. Either you don't care for him at all, or you consider him practically the funniest man who ever lived. For those in the second category, it should be sufficient to say that this book is compiled from two previous collections of his drawings: "Good Humor Man" and "It's Smart to Be People," with a few new drawings added. Since nearly all of these pictures also appeared in magazines—The New Yorker, Collier's, The Saturday Evening Post and the old Life, this book represents a third publication for many of them. They can stand it.

Contributors

A. G. Mezerik, industrial consultant and social historian, traveled all over the United States, covering about 20,000 miles, to study the problem of reconverting industry from wartime to peacetime production. His book, "Revolt of the South and West," is to be published in the spring by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

J. Donald Kingsley is professor of Government at Antioch College and a member of the editorial board of The Antioch Review. A new book, "Representative Bureaucracy," is to be published this month.

Ralph Bates, who lived in Spain for many years, is the author of "The Olive Field" and "The Undiscoverables," among other books.

Marjorie Farber was until recently assistant editor of the New York Times Sunday Book Review.

Agnes Smedley's most recent book is "The Battle Hymn of China." She is now at Yaddo, working on a play and another book, both on China.

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